

BUCOLICA

ALEXANDRI POPII,

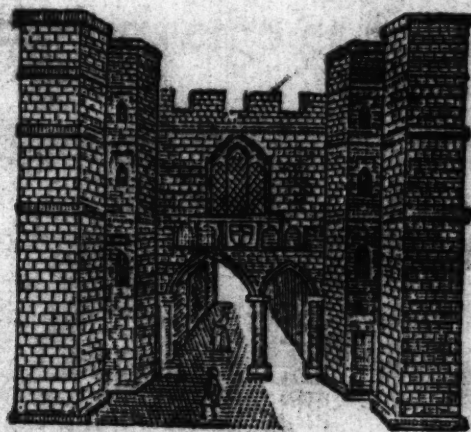
K Pope
(Quatuor Anni temporum inscripta titulis)

LATINE REDDITA:

11630.c.5
10

INTERPRETE S. BARRETT, M.A.

Coll. Univ. Oxon. Schol.



L O N D I N I:

Excudebat E. CAVE ad Portam S. Johannis, ibidemq; prostant, nec
non apud R. & J. TONSON & S. DRAPER in vico *the Strand*;
R. FLETCHER, & S. PARKER, Oxon. & J. THURLBOURN, Cantab.
M,DCC,XLVI.

B U G O T T A

ALEXANDRI POPPI

(Quatuor Anni temporum inscripta titulis)

ANDREW WATSON

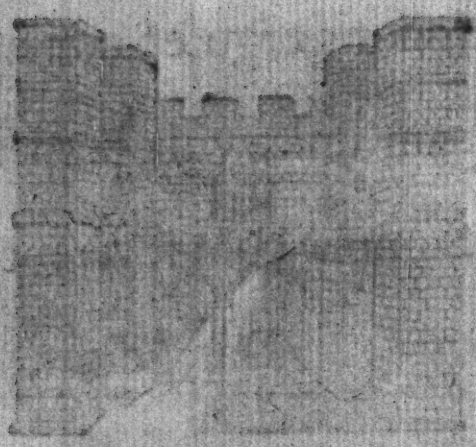
LATINE REDDITA:

INTERPRETE S. BARRETT, M.A.

710 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK

Coll. Univ. Oxon. 1864

Has potius res scribit



B O V D A N

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R. A. T. in 1864 in 1864 in 1864



ALDOBRANDI

ROBERTO WATSON,
ARMIGERO,
M. B.

Viro omni literarum penu instructo,

Has poeticæ suæ mæssis primitias,

Honoris ergo et amicitiae,

(Quam unice vult perpetuam)

Summa cum reverentia,

Dat, dicat, dedicat

STEP. BARRETT.

ROBERTO WATSON

A R M I G E R O

M. B.

Viro omni litterarum penitus instructo

ERRATA

Afford I. line 33, for take read stake. Past. III. l. 19, for last r. lost. and Past. IV. l. 48,
for increase v. incense.
Ecloga II. ver. 57, pro cinge leg. cinge. Ecl. III. v. 8. pro cinge leg. cinge. ib. v. 9. dele, post
tum mones. ib. v. 21. pro cinge leg. cinge.

(Quam unice vult perbetram)

Summa cum reverentia

Dat. dieat. dedicat

STEP. BARRETT.


LECTORI S.

SI forte quæras, quam ob causam *Bucolica* potius quam cætera nostri auctoris *Sylvestria* latine reddiderim, scias velim me animadvertisse quam æquis *Maronem* passibus *Popius* erat secutus ; ideoque haud ingratum fore doctis existimavi, si carmina, idem fere spirantia, eodem prodirent sermone. Quid *Virgilio* debet auctor memoriæ et auribus facile occurret ; quid interpretes, etiam oculis, variata typorum forma, indicabitur. Minoris quippe Romano statuum duxi (adeo non de fœnore hic res agitur) si quod mutuo noster acceperat, suo potius nummo, quam meo, rependerem.



SPRING. PASTORAL I.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL

 *I R S T* in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains :

*Fair Thames flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing :*

Let vernal airs thro' trembling osiers play,

5

And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

*T O U, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,*



VER. ECLOGA I.

AD GULIEL. TRUMBALLUM, EQUITEM.



Rimus ego his arvis musam meditabar agrestem,
Nec puduit, *Vinsora*, tuis terere otia campis ;

Fonte sacro, *Tamesis*, tacitas age lenitèr undas,
Dum *Siculæ* ad ripas certant tibi carmine Musæ.

5 Dulce per obliquas falices levis aura fufurret,
*Angliacæ*que sonent blando modulamine rupes.

TU modo, ventosos prudens qui temnis honores,
Quem positâ uberior stipavit gloria pompâ,

*And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world egregiously are lost!*

10

*O let my Muse her tender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,*

*The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aerial audience clap their wings.*

15

*Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.*

20

DAPHNIS.

*Hear how the birds, on ev'ry blooming spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!*

*Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?*

25

*Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish nature paints the purple year?*

STREPHON.

*Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.*

30

Qui, vero, quicquid splendet fulgore reportans,
 10 Rure lates, aulâ multâ haud sine laude relictâ;
 Des gracili interea ut liceat mihi ludere avenâ,
 Ipse tuas, calamo melior, dum negligis umbras:
 Luscinia haud aliter tacitæ indulgente quieti,
 20 Turdus avet sylvam cantu oblectare vacantem,
 15 Sin canat illa, filet, bibulasque subarrigit aures,
 Aerique chori exultant, et plauditur alis.
 Nocturnum decussit ovis jam vellere rorem,
 Cum duo pastores, somno quos Musa Venusque
 20 Excierant, pecus albentes fudere per agros,
 Auroram et vernum referentes vultibus annum.
 Tinxerat ut primo Titan juga summa rubore,
 Incipit hæc *Daphnis*, respondet talia *Mopsus*.

DAPHNIS.

Unguibus, eni pendunt ramis, perque avia læto
 Nascentem volucres venerantur carmine Phœbum;
 25 Matutina canit (cur nos reticemus?) alaуда,
 Verque novum cantu mulcens *Philomela* salutat.
 Cur mæsti, ridet dum *Lucifer*, ore sedemus,
 Dumque suis vestit natura coloribus annum?

MOPSUS.

Dic age; nam memori *Damon* sub corde recondet
 30 Carmina, dum tardi sudant sub vomere tauri;

*Here on green banks the blushing v'lets glow,
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll take yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.*

D A P H N I S.

*And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines, 35
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
 Four figures rising from the work appear;
 The various seasons of the rowling year;
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie? 40*

D A M O N.

*Then sing by turns; by turns the Muses sing.
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
 Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
 Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.*

S T R E P H O N.

*Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise, 45
 With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
 A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand;
 That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.*

D A P H N I S.

*O Love! for Silvia let me gain the prize,
 And make my tongue victorious as her eyes; 50*

En ! ut purpureo violarum ripa rubore
Pingitur, utque rosæ zephyris spirantibus halant !
Hunc ego pono agnum, fontem cui propter amoenum
Ludenti faliens ex undâ alludit imago.

D A P H N I S.

35 Poculum et ipse, hederæ summo cui margine serpunt
Errantes, gravidamque tumens vitem premit uva ;
Quatuor è ligno variâ extant arte figuræ,
Annua diversis referentes tempora formis :
Quodque (sed effugit me nomen) sydera limbo
40 Ambit, quâ duodena nitent longo ordine signa.

D A M O N.

Alternis cantate; *canunt alterna Camœnæ.*
Nunc florent spinæ, niveaque albedine bellis,
Nunc gramen nova prata, comas nunc induit arbos;
Incipite, O pueri ! respondent omnia valles.

M O P S U S.

45 *Vallerios* da, *Phœbe*, modos, calamumque sonantem
Granvilli, ut claro emineat mea *Delia* versu ;
Da, pater ! et niveus stabit tibi taurus ad aras,
Qui cornu petit, et pedibus qui spargit arenam.

D A P H N I S.

Phyllida ut accumulem dono, mihi palma, *Cupido*,
50 Cedat; voce puer præeat, præit ore puella ;

POPE'S PASTORALS.

No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves, 65
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STRE-

Non agnos tibi promitto, non de grege tauros,
Corde, Amor, augebit proprio tua numina pastor.

M O P S U S.

Me vocat ex agris tacito mea *Delia* nutu,
Virgultisque dein latitat, fallitque sequentem;
55 Solvitur at ficto, quia pervagor omnia, risu,
Indice quo reteggit mihi non invita latebras.

D A P H N I S.

En ! viridans volitat *Phyllis* lasciva per arvum,
En ! fugit ; at sese fugiens cupit ipsa videri ;
En vultu inflexo placidè respectat amantem
60 Quàm sibi virgo impar ! oculo redeo

M O P S U S.

Gaudeat an
Electro
Te,
Hic

65

28

1157

TO POPE'S PASTORALS.

STREPHON.

*All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs : 70
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.*

DAPHNIS.

*All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air ;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.*

STREPHON.

fields, in autumn hills I love,

shady grove,

light,

light.

80

85

Tell

M O P S U S.

Omnia jam lugent, lacrymis ruit arduus æther,
70 Sylva vacat cantu, faciem flos omnis obumbrat ;
Sed faciem evolvunt, ridet cum *Delia*, flores,
Cærulei ignescunt tractus, recinuntque volucres.

D A P H N I S.

Omnia nunc rident, viridesque ante omnia sylva
Sole tepet placido, flores qui procreat, aer ;
75 *Phyllis* adest ? — subito campos nova gloria vestit
Et sordent flores, oculos neque sylva moratur.

M O P S U S.

Vere colo campos, rapido sub sydere montes,
Arva oriente die, medio umbram et frigora capto ;
Delia, te semper ; sine te non læta placebunt
80 Arva oriente die, medio non frigus et umbra.

D A P H N I S.

Mitior autumnno, et maiâ tranquillior aurâ,
Luce novâ magis ore rubens, splendentior altâ :
Cedas, *Phylli*, agris, non veris amabilis hora est ;
Adfis, perpetuo menses sub vere recurrunt.

M O P S U S.

85 Dic quibus in terris, reges quæ parturit, arbos
Nascitur, Hesperius longè quâ vincitur hortus ;

Dic

12 POETICAL PASTORALS.
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lilly yields?
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for (Daphnis) I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:
Blest Swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel, 95
Blest Nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around. 100
For, see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.



Dic, inquam ; haud alio contendam carmine, pastor ;
Phylli, reportabis formæ, me iudice, palmam.

DAPHNIS.

Dic potius, lætis alibi quibus exit in arvis
 90 Carduus, assurgunt humili cui Lilia fronte ;
 Uberiora etiam summis, en ! munera votis,
Phyllida, delicias nostras ! tibi solus habeto.

MOPSIUS.

Parcite ; quam vellem dare pignora utrique liceret !
 Agnum *Daphni* feras, tu pocula *Mopse* reportes :
 95 Fælices, quorum dignæ hoc sunt carmine nymphae,
 Fælices, quarum pueri sic carmine pollent !
 Surgite, & umbrosos nemorum captate recessus,
 Descendit subito vernus dum Jupiter imbre.
 Frugibus impositis stabit de cespite mensa,
 100 Et rosa perpetuos pandens diffundet odores.
 Grex etenim è campis tendit stipatus ad umbram,
Pleiadumque ruunt lacrymæ, fata læta rigantes.





SUMMER. PASTORAL II.

TO DOCTOR GARTH.

Shepherd's boy (he seeks no better name)
A
L*ed forth his flocks along the silver Thame,*
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
There while he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Nāids wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early lays,
And add this wreath of ivy to thy bays;



ÆSTAS. ECLOGA II.

AD SAM. GARTUM, MEDICUM.



Astor oves (tituli quem non tædebat agrestis)

Cærulei ad *Tamēsis* ripam et nova gramina duxit;

Unda repercussi radiabat imagine solis,

Intremuitque comis umbrosa horrentibus alnus.

5 Dumque ibi plorabat, steterunt ad carmina fluctus,

Obstupuit miserans muto pecus undique luctu,

Naidēs æquoreis lacrymas fudere sub antris,

Et tristis tacito consensit Jupiter imbre.

Accipe, *Garte*, meæ juvenilia carmina musæ,

10 Hasque hederas sine partam inter tibi serpere laurum;

Aspice

*Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.*

*Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus, not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing,*

15

*The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?*

*The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I enflam'd by thee.*

20

*The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.*

*Where stray ye, Muses? in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?*

In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,

25

Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?

As in the crystal spring I view my face,

Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;

But since those graces please thy eyes no more,

I shun the fountains which I sought before.

30

Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,

And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;

Ab wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,

To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

- Aspice ut infans flagret rude pectus amore,
 Cui soli tua non profunt medicamina morbo.
 Vos, fagi umbrosa, et gratæ sitientibus undæ,
 Sole quibus pulso, heu! Paphius non pellitur ardor,
 15 Vos agito fletu; nec surdis cantat avena;
 Respondent sylvæ, vocemque repercutit Echo.
 Flenti afflent montes, silicesque; at te queror amens
 Duritiæ silices, fastu te vincere montes.
 Congemit, en! miseris mihi grex balatibus, urgent
 20 Phœbei hunc æstus, me durior æstus amoris.
 Tristis torret agros inamœno Sirius astro,
 Corde tuo sed regnat hyems, glaciæque perennis.
 Qui vos, Pierides, saltus, quæ vos habet umbra,
 Heu! perit indigno dum vester *Alexis* amore?
 25 Luditur anne suas *Iſis* qua lambit Athenas,
 Anne ubi *Camus* aquis sinuantes dividit agros?
 Dum faciem liquido fontis sub marmore spectro,
 Tingitur, en! subito facies sub fonte rubore;
 Cum tamen hic rubor, hæc facies, te iudice, sordet,
 30 Fontes exosos fugio, quos ante petebam.
 Me non herba potens olim, non planta latebat,
 Cuicunque ætherei rores alimenta ministrant;
 Quo tamen ars, puer infelix! quo munera Phœbi,
 Quæ pecoris sanant morbos, non corda magistri.

18 POPE'S PASTORALS.

Let other swains attend the rural care,
 Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces share:
 But, high yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
 Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays
 That flute is mine, which Colin's tuneful breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death;
 He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
 That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name
 But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree;
 For ever silent, since despis'd by thee
 O were I made, by some transforming power,
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r
 Then might my voice thy listening ears employ
 And I those kisses he receives enjoy
 And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
 Rough Satyr's dance, and Pan applauds the song:
 The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
 Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring:
 Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again
 For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design
 And in one garland all their beauties join
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone
 In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one

35 Dum rura exerceo alii, validisque juvencis,
00 Lanigerove student pecori, pretiosaque tondent
Vellera; me juvat, ah! solâ cantare sub umbrâ,
Et lauru caput, atque ulnis circumdare amores.
En! teneo, inflavit *Corydon* quam vivus, avenam,
40 Munere quamque mihi moriens dedit, ore supremo,
20 Te dominum expectat mea fistula, dixit, *Alexi*,
Quâ doctæ resonare solent *Amaryllida* sylvæ:
Nunc verò salicæ è glaucâ suspensa filebit
Æternùm, quoniam sordent tibi carmina nostra.
45 O utinam formam Deus hanc quicunque refingat, H
Detque tuâ ut sedeam caveâ captiva volueris;
Aurem desineres patulam obturare canenti,
Bafiaque haud aliò verti, mea munera, velles.
Me tamen agrestes celebrant uno ore canentem,
50 Dantque choros *Satyri*, plausu *Pan* excipit ipse,
Et nymphæ faciles, fluviiisque antrisque relictis,
Poma mihi matura ferunt, niveasque columbas.
Sed frustra, heu! faciles cumulant me munerè nymphæ,
Ad te continuò nympharum dona recurrunt.
55 En! tibi ferta parant pueri, quæis mille colores
03 Commissi coeunt, florum pulcherrius ordo;
Tempora cinge adeo, quâ sola es digna corollâ,
Una, tui similis, veneres quæ continet omnes.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear,
 Descending Gods have found Elyzium here,
 In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
 And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
 Come, lovely Nymph, and bless the silent hours,
 When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs,
 When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
 And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
 This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
 But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
 But your Alexis knows no sweet but you.
 O deign to visit our forsaken seats,
 The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
 Where-e'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade;
 Where-e'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
 O how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!

Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,

- Aspice quæ sylvis latitat, quæ rure voluptas!
60 Dii rure Elyzium inveniunt, sedesque beatas.
Casta feras agitat per opacas Delia sylvas,
Perque nemus *Cinyra* natum Venus alma secuta est.
Pulchra, veni, seramque diem solare, puella;
Cum repetunt juvenes, tonso grege, tecta domorum,
65 Languidus ambustus exit cum messor ab arvis,
Spicea ferta gerens, *Cereri* sua munera matri.
Non lædet te dente latens sub gramine serpens,
At mihi se insinuavit amor, savissimus anguis!
Hic liquidum è foliis libant examina rorem,
70 Sed, nisi ab ore tuo, nil suave, heu! libat *Alexis*.
Has vacuas sine te sedes, O virgo, revise,
Et cinctos musco fontes, viridesque recessus.
Fers quocunque pedes, æstum levis aura retundet,
Quaque sedes, ramorum umbrosa corona coibit,
75 Purpurei flores vestigia pressa sequentur,
Quaque oculos vertis, ridebunt omnia circum,
O tecum ut liceat spatium consumere longæ
Ætatis, Phœbique tuas ope dicere laudes!
Te genus alituum arbusto cantabit ab omni,
80 Vosque sonum, venti, divum referetis ad aures,
Sin caneres, Orphœi numeros imitata fonoros,
Sylvæ iterum lætas agerent et saxa choreas;

The moving mountains bear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall

But see the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
And lowing herds to murmur'ing brooks retreat,

To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?

But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends

On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.



Sede suâ montes magicâ sub voce migrarent,
Atque aurita citos tardarent flumina lapsus.

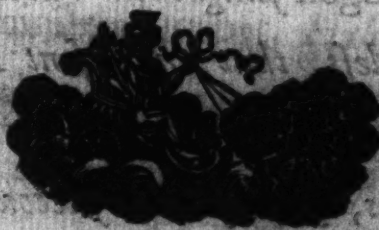
85 Ecce, refert rapido gressus è sole juvenus,
At crebris armenta petunt mugitibus amnem,
Gensque ovium densâ se condit anhelâ sub umbrâ ;
Dii superi ! requiemne uni renuistis amor ?

At sol continuò, radiorum ardore remisso,

90 In mare descendet gelidum, absolvethue labores ;

Sed me semper amor, violentior ignis, adurit ;


Nec veniente die, nec decedente quiesco.





AUTUMN. PASTORAL III.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

 *Eneath the shade a spreading Beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays,
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris fill'd the Grove.
Ye Mantuan Nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.*

5

*Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!*

Oh!



AUTUMNUS. ECLOGA III.

AD GULIEL. WYCERLEIUM, POETAM COMICUM.



AR juvenum, *patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi,*
Carminibus lugebat, *Hylas,* et flebilis *Ægon;*
Hic canit infidam, absentem canit ille puellam,
Doridaque omne nemus resonat, pulchramque Neæram.

5 Auxilium, nymphae Ausonides, mihi ferte canenti,
Ægonisque et *Hylæ* recito miserabile carmen.

TU, cui Pierides vim concessere *Menandri,*
Qui dederunt *Plautique* sales, artemque *Terenti;*
Qui sensuque mones, spectantem hilarasque lepore,
10 Judicioque domas, et sacro corripis igne;

Ob! skill'd in nature! see the hearts of Swains,
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
 Now setting Phoebus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
 When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

15

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.

As some sad Turtle his last love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

20

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;
 For her, the lymes their spreading shade deny;
 For her, the lillies hang their beads and die.
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love?

25

30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Curst be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.

What

Docte omnem affectum, pastorum corda revise,
Ingenia haud ficta, et veros sine fraude dolores.

Jam sol decedens, positus ardoribus, orbem
Respexit, rutilâ tingens cava nubila luce;
15 Fundere cœpit *Hylas* imo hos de pectore questus,
Flere jubens sylvas, furdosque gemescere montes.

Ite, leves venti, et suspiria ferte per auras,
Hauriat aure modos, et carmina mœsta, *Neæra*;
Tristis ut amissos miserè flet turtur amores,
20 Perstrepit et rauco fluvialis murmure ripa,
Sic gemitu cies ventos, absente *Neæra*;
Cumque prece, heu! pereunt, nullo auscultante, querelæ.

Ite, leves venti, et suspiria ferte per auras.
Hâc absente, silent volucres, lætissima turba,
25 Hâc absente, umbræ hospitium negat arbor amœnum,
Hâc absente, cadunt demisso lilia vultu.
Dicite jam flores, qui vere abeunte labatis,
Dicite jam volucres, actâ quæ æstate filetis,
Dicite jam sylvæ, foliis quas frigora nudant,
30 An desiderium miseros non perdat amantes.

Ite, leves venti, et suspiria ferte per auras.
Dispereant teneram quæ tardant arva puellam,
Flosculus omnis ibi penitus marcescat et arbor,
Atque æstu intereant exceptâ cuncta *Neæra*.

What have I said? where'er my Delia flies, 35
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song, 40
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
The streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee, 45
Are half so charming, as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd, 55
Rebears'd, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain,
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:

35 Quid dixi, heu! miser? -- O quocunque *Naxa* moratur

40 Ver maneat, subitque erumpant cespites flores;

Nodosaque rotis quercus omentur odoris;

Et liquida è spina stillent electra virenti.

Ite, leves venti, et suspiria ferte per auras.

40 Vespertina prius dediscent carmina turdi;

50 Flare prius zephyri, silve capita alta movere;

Ire prius fluvii, quam ego te, mea virgo, petire.

Non saliens tam grata venit sitientibus unda;

Defunctis labor leve in gramine somni;

45 Non apibus sudum, non gratior imbor alaudæ

50 Quam redit hisce oculis virgo, dulcissima rerum.

Ite, leves venti, et suspiria ferte per auras.

O venias; mora te, dic, quæ tam longa retardat.

Jam fæxa atque specus nomen didicere *Naxæ*;

50 Jamque specus crebro resonant & fæxa *Naxæ*;

55 Dii superis quæ grata animum dementia cepit?

An venit? an qui amant ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?

En, venit! en, virgo ipsa venit; -- jam desine, carmen;

Desinite et venti suspiria ferte per auras.

55 Dixit abhinc *Egon*, *Vinifera*que arva stupebant,

60 Quæ cecinit (docuistis enim) memorate *Camœnæ*.

Ingeminate meos, fæxa, ingeminate dolores;

Dum moriente queror perjuram *Dorida* lingua,

Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies: 60
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay! 65
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove; 75
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey"—
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep? 80
Pan came, and ask'd, "what magic caus'd my smart,
"Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?"

What

- Fusus humi, sub monte, imâ qui valle relictâ
 60 Fit minor ascensu, et cava vertice nubila scindit.
 Jamque fatigati duro sub vomere tauri
 Claustra petunt, opere emenso, linguuntque novale ;
Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
 Atque tegit terras jam spissior umbra silentes.
 65 Ingeminate meos, faxa, ingeminate dolores.
 Sæpè sub Herculeâ lucem produximus umbrâ,
 Sæpè tua incidi tenerâ super arbore vota,
 Dum truncum ornabas fertis ramosque sequaces :
 Arida ferta jacent, delentur ab arbore vota ;
 70 Sic tua flamma perit, mea spes sic exit in auras.
 Ingeminate meos, faxa, ingeminate dolores.
 Jam lætæ Arcturi segetes sub sydere turgent,
 Aurea jam ramo dependent poma feraci,
 Jam pleni exundant vino spumante racemi,
 75 Jamque nemus croceo distinguit bacca colore ;
 Diva Themis ! cur solus amor sine fruge senescit ?
 Ingeminate meos, faxa, ingeminate dolores.
 “ Fit pecus omne lupis prædæ ;” vicinia clamat,---
 Me miserum ! an tanget pereuntem cura peculî ?
 80 Servabitve gregem, qui se deperdidit ipsum ?
Pan venit, et rogitat, “ quæ tanti causa doloris ?
 “ Obliquæne acies, magicæve potentia linguæ ?”

32 P.OPEI'S PASTORALS.

What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move
And is there magic but what dwells in love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!

I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.

From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,

For sake mankind, and all the world—

I know thee, Love! wilt thou the raging main?

More fell than tigers on the Libyan plain!

Thou wert from Aetna's burning entrails torn,

Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!

Farewel, ye woods! adieu the light of day!

One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains!

No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,

The skies yet blushing with departing light,

When falling dew with spangles deck'd the glade,

And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.




- Quanam acie nocuisse valet, nisi *Doris*, amanti,
 Aut metuum magicas, nisi queis Amor utitur, artes?
- 85 Ingeminate meos, saxa, ingeminate dolores.
 Jamque pecus, pecorisque duces, atque arva relinquam:
 Arva, pecus, pecorisque duces, hominumque licebit
 Colloquium effugere, et simul omnia—præter amorem.
 Te scio, sæve puer! tumida tu immittior unda,
 90 Tu *Libycis* trucior monstris, tu tigride *Patra*
 Igneus *Ælneis* eructabare cavernis,
 Turbine progenitus rapido, tonitruque parente.
 Ingeminate meos, saxa, ingeminate dolores.
 Jam Phœbi lux alma vale, sylvæque valete;
- 95 Præcipitem me hæc rupe dabo, absolvamque laborem.
 Saxa, iterare meos jam parcite, parcite, questus.
 Sic juvenes cocinere, aderat cum serior hora,
 Æthereæque abeunte viæ jam luce rubebant;
 Jam ros descendens ornabat gramina gemmis,
 100 Crescebantque umbræ nemorum, Titane cadente.

WINTER PASTORAL IV.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS TEMPEST.

LYCIDA'S.

 *Hyllis, the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below*

So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,

The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,

While silent birds forget their careful lays,

Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise.



HYEMS. ECLOGA IV.

IN MEMORIAM DOMINÆ TEMPESTÆ.

LYCIDAS.



Hyrsi, strepit querulo juxtà qui murmure, rivus

Haud æquat lugubre tuæ modulamen avenæ;

Haud rigui mediis errant qui vallibus amnes

Tam molli pede prætereunt, tam dulce susurrant,

5 Nunc ovium sopita premunt sua vellera turba,

Astrorumque oritur vultu regina sereno,

Dum filet alituum placido gens victa sopore,

Fata canas *Daphnes*, laudesque ad sydera tollas.

THYR-

THYRSIS.

*Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
 Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
 That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
 Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
 And bad his willows learn the moving song.*

10

LYCIDAS.

*So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
 And swell the future harvest of thy field.
 Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
 And said; "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.*

15

20

THYRSIS.

*Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
 Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone;
 "Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
 "Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"*

25

Tis

THYRSIS.

En ! ubi sylva, gelu duro quæ argentea splendet,
 10 Flet fructus, jam nuda comasque exuta virentes.
 Hic canere experiar, quondam quæ fudit *Alexis*,
 Tempore quo flenti *Dryadum* chorus astitit ingens,
 Aure sonos *Tamefis*, dum præterlabitur, haufit,
 20 Et querulum jussit salices ediscere carmen.

LYCIDA S.

15 Fœcundâ O tibi sic pluviam fata læta madescant,
 Nec veniens vanis eludat messis aristis.
 Incipe ; nam moriens dedit hæc mandata puella
 " Cantibusque meam mulcebitis, Arcades, umbram."
 Incipe, dum propius tumulo dem fræna dolori,
 20 Congestumque ornem lauru viridante sepulchrum.

THYRSIS.

Castalio celerate pedem de fonte, Camœnæ,
 Ferte citi Stygiam, Fauni Nymphæque, cupressum,
 Sparge, puer Veneris, maternâ flumina myrto,
 Frange arcus, fatis iterum quasi cedat *Adonis* ;
 25 Inque stylos vertens, imbellia tela, sagittas,
 Hæc tenera inscribas lugenti carmina saxo,
 " Flecte retrò, natura ; dolete hominesque deique ;
 " Pulchra obiit *Daphne*, atque obiit simul ipse Cupido."

L Actum

'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay;
 See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day! 30
 Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
 See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
 Ah what avail the beauties nature wore? 30
 Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her, the flocks refuse their verdant food,
 Nor thirsty heifers seek the gliding flood.
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own; 40
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
 Silent, or only to her name replies,
 Her name with pleasure once, she taught the shore,
 Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!
 No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies, 45
 Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
 No fragrant herbs their native increase yield.
 The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath!
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;
 Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

- Aetum est, et rerum facies marcescere coepit,
 30 Nubilaque obducunt lætum caligine solem;
 Arboribus gemmæ mæstis pendere videntur,
 Spargitur atque comâ nemorum moriente feretrum.
 En! tellure jacet veris pulcherrima proles,
 Hâc vivâ viguere rosæ, moriente recumbunt.
 35 Quo tamen, heu! veneres nuper quas rura gerebant?
 60 Pulchra obiit *Daphne*, atque obiit simul ipsa venustas.
 Hâc pecus ereptâ viridi non vescitur herbâ,
 Non sequitur sitiens labentem bucula rivum;
Daphnes fata canunt nivei crudelia cycni
 40 Lugubre, haud aliter quam cum sua funera plorant.
 20 Muta cavis latitat Virgo resonabilis antris,
 Aut *Daphnen* reddit solam, incumbitque dolori;
 Læta quidem hoc olim docuit Dea littora nomen,
 Lætitia at functâ *Daphne* jam rure refugit.
 45 Non vespertino descendunt æthere rores,
 Non gratum veniente die rosa fundit odorem;
 Nascitur haud solitum cultis suffimen ab agris,
 Haud foliis sua thura ferunt redolentibus herbæ;
 Jamque silent zephyri, zephyris fragrantior ipsis,
 50 Ex quo virginei cessavit spiritus oris;
 27 Nectar apes liquidum, atque recondita mella relinquunt,
Daphne obiit, terrisque simul dulcedo recessit.

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
 Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
 No more the nightingales repeat her lays, 55
 Or, busb'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays;
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear,
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
 The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
 Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high,
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70
 Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
 There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
 Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
 Behold us kindly who your name implore, 75
 Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

- Attonita haud posthac, *Daphne* dum cantat, alauda
 Sublimi medio pendeat ab aere penna;
 55 Non posthac numeros reddet philomela sonoros,
 Aut vocem è spinis avida bibet aure canentis;
 60 Non strepitum posthac fluvii et sua murmura sistunt,
 Auritas mulcet sonitus dum gratior undas;
 Sed levibus referent calamis, ripeque sonanti,
 65 "*Daphne* obiit, terrisque simul vis musica cessit."
 Nunc gemit extinctæ raucis fera fata susurris,
 Narrat et arboribus crebris singultibus, aura,
 70 Per nemora inde dolor properans sylvasque tremantes,
 Cæruleum immenso cum murmure fertur ad amnem,
 65 Cæculus haud dudum fluvius sine vortice luctu
 Æstuat audito, lacrymisque exundat obortis:
 Aura, nemus, fluviique gemunt tua funera, *Daphne*:
 70 *Daphne*, hinc, O! gemitus, non lux, non gloria ruri!
 En verò æthereum scandens miratur olympum,
 70 Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera, *Daphne*,
 Ver quâ perpetuum ridet, quâ innubilis aer,
 Unaque florentis facies viridissima campi est.
 Tu modo, seu præbent amaranti umbracula frondes,
 Seu molli in prato florum studiosa vagaris,
 75 Sis bona, sis fælix; te voce vocantibus adsis;
 O dea pastorum, jamque haud dolor, aurea *Daphne*,

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains.

Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright Goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes encrease my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

See pale Orion sheds unwelcome dews,
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
Adieu ye shepherd's rural lays and loves;
Adieu my flocks, farewell ye sylvan crew,
Daphne farewell, and all the world adieu!

FINIS.

LYCIDAS.

Ut tibi cuncta silent, *Daphnen* dum fistula plorat ;
 Sic tacet omne agmen volucrum sub nocte silenti,
 Dum philomela canit, ponunt cum flamina venti,
 80 Et trepidant sylvis zephyri, victique fatiscunt.
 Sæpè tuam, Dea pulchra, *aram tener imbuet agnus*,
 Si pecorum fœtus fœlicitèr educet annus :
 Dumque frutex dabit umbram, et flos dum sparget odores,
Semper bonos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

THYRSIS.

85 Ecce, graves madidus rores diffundit Orion,
 Surge age, nam pinûs cantantibus umbra nocebit :
 Ingruit, en ! Boreas ; trahit, en ! natura ruinas,
 Nos quoque devincet, vincit quod cætera, tempus.
 Flumina jam, nemora, et valles, montesque valete ;
 90 Pastorumque valete modi, blandique dolores ;
 Nympharumque valete chori ; pecus omne valete,
 Tuque vale, O *Daphne*, et valeant simul omnia tecum.

11. 7. 49

F I N I S.

F I W I 2.

Tuque vale, O Daphne, et valeant simul omnia tecum;
Nympharumque valete chori; pecus omne valete;

80 Pastorumque valete modi, blandique dolores;
Flumina jam, nemora, et vallis, montesque valete;

Nos quoque devincti, vincit quod cetera, tempus;
Ingredere, et! Bores; trahite, et! natum ruinas;

85 Surge age, nam pinis cantantibus umbra nocet;
Ecce, graves madidus rores diffundit Orion;

T H X R 2 I 2.

Semper honos, montesque tuum, laudisque manebunt;
Dumque sit ex dabit umbram, et flosdum sparget odores;

Si pecorum festus felicit educt annus;
Sapere tuam, Des pulchra, etiam tenet, imbuet ager;

80 Et trepidant sylvis xephyr, vigiliæ fatiscunt;
Dum philomela canit, pecusque cuncta fletibus venis;

Sic tacet omne agmen volucrum sub nocte silenti;
Ut ipicunda silent, Daphne dum fistula plorat;

A T C I D A 2.